

For Her Eyes Only

For Charonshope

By TheSpiralledEye

Jack Cross is MI6's best agent; as quick to break hearts as he is to break bones. Now though, he faces his greatest assignment yet, being transformed into the seductive Misty Allure to seduce a wealthy businessman selling state secrets to the enemy; but things quickly get complicated when it turns out his mark is keeping a big secret of their own...

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Chapter 2

Training with Jasmine continued for the next few days, and Misty felt her new female persona coming in stronger with each hour. She no longer thought of herself as male, and the name Jack had felt less and less appropriate as time passed. Her determination to be the best agent possible, though, that stayed. Misty threw herself into learning how to be the ultimate femme fatale; she learned how to hold herself, how to fight with an air of sensuality and, of course, how to seduce. Everything from flicking her long blonde hair over her shoulders to chewing delicately on a nail in thought; every action could be used to seduce. The only issue was...she still didn't like men.

"It'll kick in when you meet Langston," Jasmine said as they lay together on the training room floor, breathing heavily after sparring. "You were made for him, after all."

"That must be it."

The idea of being custom-built for somebody was...odd, to say the least. He wondered what this Sam Langston would be like behind closed doors. How would he feel when it came time to finally slip into his bed? Would he enjoy the sensation of being fucked by a man? These questions were always burning at the back of his mind, along with one another;

"When is the mission starting?" He asked Harrington after a week. "You said this mission was urgent, why aren't I with Langston now? I have learned plenty from Agent Jewel."

"Timing is everything," Harrington replied, not looking up from his files. "We don't want to arouse his suspicions. The man rarely leaves his home, so we have organised for you to meet at a charity gala. Your ticket has been acquired. It's being held in three days."

“Three more days?” Misty sighed, her fingers twitched, and she desperately wanted to be out in the field. She’d never gone so long without work before, and it was starting to feel stifling.

“Good news, we have a little test run all planned out.” Harrington smiled, finally meeting Misty’s eyes. “Your cover is a model-”

“Yes, I read the file.”

“So it’s time you do some modelling,” Harrington said. “We’ve organised for you to join a shoot tomorrow. It’ll let you test your abilities, if you can’t fool a camera into thinking you’re a master seductress, you’ll never fool your target.”

Misty gaped.

“You want me...to do a modelling shoot?”

“Yes, nobody there will know your true identity, it’ll be a good way for you to put everything Jasmine taught you into practice. That, and we can sneak a few photos of you up on billboards on the route Langston takes to work. Keep you in his mind.”

Billboards; her body was going to be splashed across billboards all over town, not to mention magazines and maybe more. She was so used to being ‘nobody of consequence’ that seeing her face on walls was going to take some getting used to. Still, an assignment was an assignment.

“Let’s do it.”

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Misty had never been nervous about a mission before. She’d always known exactly what she needed to do, but as the limo pulled up in front of the chic photography studio, she couldn’t help but swallow a lump in her throat. This was it; her first real day of being Misty Allure, or at least, the cover story version of Misty Allure. The door opened, and she stepped out, balancing on the thin stiletto heels just like Jasmine had shown her. She wore a tight pair of black pants and a white blouse unbuttoned low enough to show off her cleavage. Her blond hair swept into a tight bun above her head. With confidence, she didn’t truly feel she stepped into the building and removed her silver sunglasses.

“Misty Allure.” She purred to the receptionist, “Here for the Emphereal Fragrance shoot?”

“About time.” The voice came from behind her, and Misty turned to see a stern-faced, utterly gorgeous red-haired woman staring at her with crossed arms. “The shoot starts in half an hour. What were you thinking? This is the last time HR hires a fresh recruit, no matter how hot she is.”

She turned on her heels and stalked away, leaving Misty momentarily stunned before she turned her head over her shoulder. “Come on then!”

She was led through a series of hallways and then through a set of double doors where the lights temporarily blinded her. Photographers adjusted their cameras, assistants scurried around with makeup kits and hair tools, and models practised their poses in front of floor-to-ceiling mirrors that lined the walls. Emily’s pace was brisk, her voice clipped and serious as she pointed out various stations.

“That’s the makeup area, over there is wardrobe, and this is where you’ll be posing. Keep up, we don’t have all day.”

Misty struggled to process the rapid-fire information, her head spinning. Normally, she could step into a room and have the layout memories in an instant, all exits noted, every escape plan countered, but something about the dizzying scent of hairspray and flashing camera lights made that impossible here. She barely had time to admire the sleek, minimalist design of the studio or the professional demeanour of everyone around her before Emily moved on to the next point of interest. They moved to the back of the room, where she was ushered into what had to be a spacious dressing room.

“This is where you’ll get ready. Your outfit is here.” She pointed to a rack where a single garment hung – a flowing red dress made of loose, delicate fabric that shimmered slightly under the lights. The dress was sexy and alluring, with a deep neckline and a slit that promised to reveal just enough leg.

Misty’s breath caught in her throat. The dress was stunning, but the thought of wearing it in front of so many people made her stomach churn with nerves and excitement. Emily’s voice cut through her thoughts.

“Get changed quickly. We need you on set in ten minutes.” Her tone was firm, leaving no room for hesitation.

“Yes, ma’am.” She said, only half joking. If Emily noticed she wasn’t serious, she didn’t show it.

With some difficulty, she managed to get into the dress; though using the term dress was generous. It was little more than a few strips of strategically sewn pieces of fabric! And the fabric itself was so light that even the lightest movement or breeze caused it to float up and aware; she was one move away from totally exposing herself. Or she would be without her bra and panties. A woman stepped into the dressing room and looked around before locking eyes with Misty. She was another gorgeous blonde, dressed in a matching outfit, only she was obviously wearing nothing but the dress.

“You’re not supposed to keep your underwear on, silly.” She giggled. “You must be Misty, I’m Aliesha.”

“Nice to meet you.”

Aliesha was so gorgeous. Somehow, the fact that her breasts and pussy were barely hidden behind those constantly shifting fabrics made her seem even sexier than if she had been naked. That must have been the point. Misty took a deep breath and unclipped her bra and shimmed off her underwear; she had climbed snow-topped mountains during blizzards and snuck into the most secure buildings in all of Europe; a photoshoot should not be making her this nervous! A hand found hers and gave it a squeeze.

“Don’t worry, just lean into it.” Aliesha whispered.

The studio was a hive of activity as Misty stepped onto the set. She watched as eyes turned and took in both her and Aliesha. A few minutes at the makeup table, and they were ready to head over to the set. Misty did her best not to stare at Aliesha as they approached. With every step she took, the woman's breasts jiggled. Misty could feel her own chest doing the same. She felt the smooth fabric swish around her legs as she moved, the slit revealing just a hint of skin with every step. The photographer, a tall man with dark hair and a focused expression, directed them with a series of gestures and sharp commands.

“Misty, stand here. Aliesha, come closer. Perfect. Now, Misty, place your hand on her waist. Aliesha, lean in slightly, just like that. Beautiful.”

Misty felt a rush of warmth as she placed her hand on Aliesha’s waist, the red fabric of the dress soft and luxurious under her fingers. Aliesha’s touch was light but steady as she rested her hand on Misty’s shoulder, she could feel the other woman's breasts pressing against her back. With no bra to cover them the fabric did nothing to hide the fact that her nipples were hard. The camera clicked rapidly, capturing the electricity between them.

“Closer, Misty,” the photographer instructed, his voice a mix of encouragement and command. “Tilt your head towards her, almost like you’re about to kiss.”

Misty’s breath hitched, but she obeyed, moving her face closer to Aliesha’s. She could feel the heat radiating from Aliesha’s skin, could smell the faint scent of her perfume. Their lips were inches apart, so close Misty could practically taste them. The camera clicked again, and somebody turned on a fan, causing the fabric of their dresses to ripple in the wind. The soft material flowed against both of their skins, like the gentle touch of a lover.

“Beautiful, ladies. Now, Aliesha, run your fingers through Misty’s hair. Misty, close your eyes and lean into her touch.”

Aliesha's fingers were gentle but firm as they slid through Misty’s hair, sending shivers down her spine. She closed her eyes, letting the sensations wash over her.

“Perfect. Now, Aliesha, turn Misty around so her back is to the camera. Misty, look over your shoulder at me.”

Aliesha’s hands were steady as she turned Misty, positioning her so that her back was to the camera. Misty looked over her shoulder, her gaze smouldering as she met the photographer’s eyes. The red dress clung to her curves, the flowing fabric revealing a

tantalising glimpse of her beautiful ass. Aliesha's hands rested on her hips, her own pose confident and alluring.

The camera clicked again, capturing the sultry, powerful energy between them. Misty felt a surge of confidence, the initial nerves melting away as she embraced the moment. She and Aliesha moved in sync, their poses fluid and intimate even as the assistant removed more and more of the fabric until they were in nothing at all. As the shoot progressed, the poses became more daring and provocative. Misty had no idea what sort of perfume ad needed totally nude models, but she wasn't about to complain; her skin felt electric. Aliesha's hands traced the curves of Misty's body, and she responded in kind. She could tell there was real chemistry between them; those looks couldn't possibly be just for the camera, right?

"Alright, now lean against each other, ladies, that's it!"

Misty pressed her front into Aliesha's naked back, her sex to the other woman's ass. She wondered if Aliesha could feel the wetness threatening to spill through her hair there and couldn't decide if she wanted it to happen or not. A few more flashes of the camera and the photographer finally stepped back.

"Excellent, well done, ladies! Misty, we'll definitely be having you back. You've got 'the look', girl!"

Oh, excellent, Misty had no idea what 'the look' was but she felt a certain sense of pride for having it. An assistant bought both Aliesha and her a silk robe which they both slipped on before Aliesha turned to face her.

"That was a lot of fun," she said huskily. Hey...since you're new, would you like to go out on the town with me tonight? As a welcome?"

"Like, clubbing?"

"Yeah, girl." She giggled. "like clubbing."

It wasn't the sort of thing she would normally do, but her loins were still burning with need after that photoshoot, and Misty wanted to enjoy her attraction to women for as long as it was going to last. Besides, some dancing would be good practice for the charity event where she needed seduce Sam Langston. At least, that's how she justified it to herself before smiling and saying yes.

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Misty had never liked nightclubs; when she was in her early twenties, she was already a trained agent, jetsetting across the globe to serve her country. Almost a decade later she had outgrown them and preferred the more intimate bars and lounges that helped her overhear information and cozy up to targets. And yet, she could not deny the thrill that went through her and she and Aliesha stepped into the buzzing nightclub. The music was loud

enough she could feel the vibration in her bones, the air was thick and hot against her skin, which was mostly on show in the short party dress she'd borrowed, and the smell of alcohol and smoke machines filled the air.

"Let's go dance!" Aliesha squealed happily, giving her arm a little squeeze.

Misty was already hot from the air, but she felt herself warm further at the touch. A little experimentation couldn't hurt, she had no idea what to expect from sex in this body yet. Being prepared was the responsible thing to do. It had nothing to do with the fact that she was turned on as hell after all that petting at the photoshoot.

They made their way to the dancefloor, and Misty felt intimately aware of every touch as she brushed past people in the crowd. She made sure to add the extra swing to her hips that Jasmine had taught her and flipped her hair behind her shoulder; that one movement caught people's eyes, and then they stayed on her thanks to the hips and ass. It was almost too easy.

Aliesha grabbed her hands, and they started to dance. It started out innocent enough, two women holding hands and jumping to the beat. Misty felt a sense of pride when she realised she no longer had to focus on staying balanced in her high heels, it was natural enough to her now that she could jump, twist and dance her heart out without worrying about falling. The movements were alien, so different from the slow waltz and tangos she had performed at high-class parties to seduce women. Here it was all quick movements, the wild feeling of her ass and butt moving against her. Aliesha seemed to appreciate it, too, because all of a sudden, they were crushed together in the crowd. Their bodies rubbed hard enough that Misty could feel the other woman's nipples. She shivered, remembering how good they felt against her bare skin today. Their eyes met, and Misty could feel the electricity in the air; her pussy quivered in anticipation. Just as the song ended, she leaned in, ready to brush her lips against Aliesha's, when suddenly; there were hands on her waist, ones that weren't Aliesha's.

"Hey babe..."

A man's face appeared over her shoulder, his body pressed against her back. Aliesha giggled playfully as another man did the same to her, before spinning her around as the new song started.

"We were watching you both, gotta say we liked what we saw." The man holding Misty grinned.

He was handsome in a conventional sense; blonde hair, strong jaw, with just the right amount of stubble. He was the sort of man that made most men swoon, as was his dark and handsome friend. Just like in the bathroom before, Misty focused, staring into his face waiting for her heart to flutter and her body to respond but...nothing. Misty turned back to Aliesha, hoping to get some of that backup women were so known for only to see her

making out with the other man already. Misty's body ached with jealousy at her moans; somehow, she could hear them so clearly despite the din.

"It looks fun, eh?" her man grinned. "You want a piece of that action?"

"Yes." Misty admitted, "...but not with you."

"Hey, come on now, get to know me, you never know."

"Aliesha," Misty asked, pulling her away from her make out session for a moment.

"Can we go?"

"Oh, come on, this is fun..." She giggled, eyes darting back to her new beau. "Let's just hang out with these guys for a little while."

"...Fine."

Misty sighed and nodded, maybe they could get back to it once these guys realised she had no intention of playing along. As the minutes ticked by, though, it got harder and harder to dance with Aliesha as she got more involved with her man. Misty own perspective paramore tried his best to thrust against her but she always stepped away. An hour of uncomfortable dancing passed when Aliesha's dance moved got closer and closer to full on stripping for her partner. Eventually, she whispered something in his ear and his eyes went excited and wide. Their fingers threaded together and they disappeared into the crowd, obviously heading for the door and presumably a bed. Misty felt a sort of jealousy that was entirely new to her, she'd never struck out with a woman once she'd started to pursue her. If she was still Jack Cross, there was no way Aliesha would be going back to that guy's place. She'd already be in her bed.

"So, wanna take a leaf out of their book?" Her partner offered that hopefulness still in his eye.

"Have a good night." She replied with a clipped tone and walked away without another word.

Misty didn't stick around to hear his answer; her body had never felt so pent up in all her life. As a man, women had been entertainment, flirty fun she used to relieve stress and picking them up had been no problem. She had hoped once the mental changes kicked in, men would be the same, and yet she still wasn't interested. Surely that serum hadn't made it so she would only be attracted to Langston? She was a professional, she could sleep with somebody she wasn't attracted to for the job, but in her own time, she wanted proper fun. Unfortunately, it seemed like Aliesha wouldn't be the one giving it. The taxi ride home was torture, she'd never felt so pent up in her life. Her pussy was soaking wet and begging to be touched, and her nipples were tiny diamonds beneath her dress.

Returning to her sparse apartment, she practically ripped off her clothes, shivering as the cool night air touched her bare skin. Misty wasn't cold, though; she was too turned on to be cold. Her fingers fumbled with her phone, searching up Aliesha's name until she found

what she needed: a photo shoot for lingerie from a few months ago. The blonde's sultry face pouted at her through the screen, her breasts barely being held up at all by the skimpy bra in the photo. With a groan, Misty flopped back onto the bed, holding the phone up above her in one hand while the other traced up and down the curves of her body. Her fingers pressed against her hard nipples, and her eyes fluttered closed; imagining Aliesha was the one doing it. She let her fingers trace down over the wide shape of her hips toward the heat wafting off her sex.

Misty opened her eyes and began to swipe across, flicking through the pictures of Aliesha in various seductive poses as her fingers finally parted her warm folds. Her whole body shuddered as her fingers pressed inside her vagina; so sensitive. No wonder women cried out so much when she'd fucked them. She swirled around her clit, flicking the little nub up and down with varying pressure so that even more wetness leaked from her hole. Then, while locking eyes with Aliesha's picture, she dove inside.

"Oh...Oh yes..." Normally she was the silent type in bed, stood, gentlemanly. Now she couldn't help but writhe and moan at her own touch. She remembered Aliesha's body pressing against her as her finger began to thrust in and out, soft pads rubbing against the rough inner walls. The friction was delicious, as was the stretching sensation. The pleasure seemed to radiate outwards and fill her entire body. It grew stronger with each stroke. Along with the pleasure, though, there was frustration. This whole endeavour was one giant frustration. Why did she have to be turned into a woman? It just made everything more complicated.

"Oooh, oh yes! Yes ahhhhh!"

Misty added a second finger, then a third; the wet sounds filled the empty room as pumped away. The ecstasy and frustration grew in equal measure and somehow amplified one another. She felt indignant, having to get herself off like this, it had been years since she relied on masturbation and yet, this pleasure was stronger than any sex she'd had in years. It was all so frustrating and good and...and...

she locked eyes with Aliesha one last time before pleasure overwhelmed her. She felt her passage squeeze around her fingers as more wetness flowed over them. She came hard and her whole body seemed to shake until, finally, the ecstasy faded, leaving her whole body warm and throbbing with delicious aftershocks.

Chest heaving, Misty relaxed back into the mattress and removed her fingers with a shiver. Even after all her preparation she clearly had a lot to learn when it came to this new body and all the things it could do.